A GLEANER'S CAROL.

Gold are the skies above,
Gold is the earth beneath,
As gold will glow the grove
When Autumn's chillier breath
Shall warn the earth to think itself
How swift must wane its garnered pelf,
How swift come nakedness and death!

But Summer still is here,
Our brows with kiss to greet,
As golden lies the here
Beneath our lagging feet,
Such as we hold not in our hands,
The willing tithe of grateful lands,
For God's good gifts oblation meet.

There's gold upon the clouds—
A glimmer from Heaven's streets;
Red gold the brown earth shrouds—
So earth with Heaven meets;
And so they join in all our lives,
Toiling men and loving wives,
And bairn that quickly laughs and greets!

Sing for the sunset glow!
Sing for the warm, sweet earth,
As evening breezes blow
Abroad our quiet mirth!
Earth is mother, 'whate'er befall,
Heaven bends tenderly over all
To fend despair and fear of dearth!

FARM AND GARDEN.

Our Plan With Poultry.

N. Y. Tribune.

First, hens, to do well, must have a warm, dry place, with plenty of sunshine. We always keep a box of ashes for them to wallow in, which should be kept perfectly dry. Every few weeks, and sometimes oftener, the hennery is thoroughly dusted with dry ashes, occasionally adding a little sulphur. And once in a while we wet the roosts with kerosene. A spring-bottom oil can is just the thing for the purpose. Attending to these rules carefully, you need not have lice, which is an important item in keeping poultry. Our chief object is eggs, for which there is generally a ready market and good price. And to lay well, hens must have plenty to eat and of the right kind. We generally feed corn, and in the winter let them shell it for themselves, after giving each ear a blow or two with the hammer or something of that kind to start the kernels. This gives them exercise and keeps them from eating too much. One would think they would not get enough to eat in this way; but if kept before them in a clean, dry place, they will keep fat. Give them each morning what they will pick off during the day.

About Orchards.

Michigan Farmer.

Never leave an excess of fruit to mature upon a tree under the impression that by so doing you can hope to increase the yield, whether in quantity or in quality. An excessive crop is always secured at the expense of quality with loss of value, and not unfrequently at the expense of health, and even ultimately, of the life of the tree.

Never make the very common mistake of supposing that a crop of fruit and a crop of grain can be profitably grown from the same soil at the same time. After trees are well grown they will starve the grain crop or the grain will rob them. With quite young trees a sowed crop will prove nearly ruinous. All orchard trees are at least six or eight years planted, they should be cultivated each year with a hoed crop.

Never prune a tree, or at least never remove large branches after the first warm days of spring, and before the foliage is of full size. Large branches, if cut always at that period will be sure to "bleed" more or less during the summer, causing an unsightly blackening of the bark below the wound and occasionally the decay of the heart wood from the excision downward; sometimes causing premature decrepitude and death of the tree.

Never forget that an orchard as surely as a corn field, consumes the fertility of the soil, and that to starve the soil is as sure to prove unprofitable in the one case as in the other. Trees may live on from year to year upon what they draw from an exhausted soil; but it will prove just as fallacious to expect a good crop of fruit under such circumstances as it would under similar circumstances to expect a full crop of corn or other grain. We have no doubt but that the vigor consequent upon abundant nourishment will in some cases enable an orchard tree to carry its crop through unfavorable circumstances that would be fatal to the crop of a feeble one.

Milking and Milk.

Kansas Farmer.

The process of drawing milk from the udder of the cow is a very simple one and yet first-class milkers are not as common as might be led to suppose. To be a good milker one must be neat, even-tempered, and strong in arm and hand; neat because milk must be absolutely free from dirt in order to insure a first-class dairy product, even-tempered because a fractious animal is often provoking and if the milker gives way to his temper such an animal is soon spoiled, and strong in arm and hand because in order to insure the maximum of milk it must be drawn from the cow in the shortest possible time.

There have been many cows spoiled by the person having the care of and milking them, whipping and frightening them whenever they come in his way, so if, when milking, a cow hoists her foot or kicks (which is generally caused by pain) such a fellow stops milking and commences whipping, or worse, kicking the cow, and she becomes enraged, holds up her milk, kicks back and is finally ruined. Never whip a cow for kicking, if she does kick the milk pail out of your hands and sometimes upset and knock you over, but be kind to her, and milk her out with as little excitement as possible, and if she gets over her kicking propensity it will be by mild and not by harsh treatment. Never whip a cow because she kicks, for it will do no good, but a great deal of harm.

As a general thing, we are able to judge accurately of the treatment dairy stock has received by watching the milker when in the yard milking, as he changes from cow to cow. If the animal continues to ruminate, retains the mild expression of the eye as the milkman approaches her, and maintains her position, it is evident she has been well treated; if on the other hand, as the milker approaches her, she ceases chewing the cud, looks wild and alarmed and makes an effort to get out of the way, it is quite certain that she remembers that she has received ill treatment at the hands of the milker.

Where cows receive uniform gentle treatment, they will soon learn to regard the milker as a benefactor, for where their udders are distended with milk, it is a great relief to them to have it drawn out.

We like to see cows when in the yard or barn, have that contented expression so common to them when not alarmed, and when the milker approaches them, of their own accord, put themselves in the most favorable position to be relieved of their precious burden.

The Science of Condensation.

President A. S. Welch, of the Iowa Agricultural College, starting, in a public address, with the statement that nearly all the processes of productive industry are only successive steps in progress of condensation, developed his interesting and useful thought in this lucid way:

We turn soil into grass, grass into milk, milk into cream, and cream into butter, which is the final product in the series. Corn, which is a form of condensed soil, may be itself condensed into whisky, starch or glucose. The amount of twenty-eight pounds of glucose extracted from one bushel of corn is sold at twice the price and freighted at less than half the cost. Oats are condensed into oatmeal; sorghum into sugar; apples into cider; barley into beer; and so on without stint. Every step advances the price, diminishes the weight, and saves cost in carrying to market. But the ordinary form of condensation on the farm begins with the coarse crops and ends in the various animal products. Sheep, cattle, hogs and horses are condensed from the grasses and grains, and every step of the series all the way up from the soil to the thoroughbred, if rightly managed, brings its legitimate profit, the final gain being the comparatively inexpensive conveyance to market which comes from large values packed into reduced magnitudes. But this constant crowding of value into smaller dimensions is shown not only in the transformation of the coarser into the finer commodities, but it is seen likewise in the improvement of the domestic animal. A Texas steer and a high grade Shorthorn are freighted to market at the same rates, while the one brings double the price of the other when they get there.

The waste that comes from the excessive making of what is called offal is the grand cause of failure on the farm. It absorbs food and time, it costs everything and brings nothing. It is fully as expensive to raise horns and white leather as to raise marketable muscle. The price is different, but the freight the same. Some farmers display great talent in the production of offal. They raise hay that is all woody fiber, apples that are all core, corn that is all cob, and cattle that are all head and horns and gristle and tail. They stigmatize the skill and care that diminish the corn, the cob, and the overweighted bone to increase the salable parts in fancy farming. Now the whole scope and purpose of improvement, both in the animal and vegetable kingdom, is simply to reduce to the smallest compass consistent with strength the unsalable portions, and to enhance the quality and size of the salable ones. The crab apple and the Northern Spy, the choke pear and the Flemish Beauty, the mustang pony and the Arabian mare, the Florida cow with her shrunken udder and the Jersey that fills the pail, are examples of the opposite extremes in the different series. The one result sought in breeding, practiced as an art, is to rise from the lower end of each series up toward the higher.

The model Shorthorn cow is a sample of closely compacted values—a treasure of the most nutritive food, so packed as to secure the highest prices and cheapest transportation. She is developed to fulness of quality just where the epicure finds and pays for the most delicate roast or sirloin steak. And those portions of her body which the butcher considers superfluous are condensed to just within the limits of size and strength which are indispensable to the economy of animal life. In the gradual progress of condensation to which she has been subjected through many generations, her horns have been made rudimentary, and her head shaped after the best mode, and her bones brought to the fineness and strength of steel. And the policy that has effected this striking result rests on the following reasons: First, the offal absorbs for its growth and support a portion of the food which the animal consumes, consequently the greater the volume of offal the greater the amount of food wasted in feeding. Second, large and coarse offal is almost invariably accompanied by coarse muscle. Capacious offal carries inferior beef. Third, large and coarse offal usually goes along with a scanty development of valuable parts. Hence it indicates a lack, not only in quality, but also in quantity of marketable beef. Fourth, heavy offal is rarely accompanied by the fattening quality. The cow or ox whose carcass is overweighted with offal will not as a general thing take on fat easily.

Why Is Science Opposed?

Popular Science Monthly for October.

Opposition to science is not the exclusive reproach of any one school of thought; it has been manifested by all. Theology withstood science, because it was itself identified with the old erroneous explanations of nature. Philosophy made a stand against science, because science circumscribed its field and subverted its ideals. Literature strove against science, because of its devotion to fact and its supposed unfriendliness to imagination. Art resisted science as unfavorable to the inventive and creative spirit. Science studied matter to understand its mysterious processes and discern its laws; the schools of culture all contemned the occupation of mind, and shrank from it as a descent into groveling materialism. Philosophy was most potent in its opposition because it gave law to education and gave reasons to theology, literature, and art.

A politic editor says that when he thinks of Ireland's woes, his heart goes "Pity Pat.

SUCCEEDING TO THE PRESIDENCY.

How Vice Presidents Tyler, Fillmore, and Johnson Took the Oath of Office of President—The Official Records in the Senate.

From the New York Sun.

Since the day on which Washington took the oath of office and entered upon his duties as President of the United States, on the 30th of April, 1789, until now—a period of more than ninety-three years—only three Vice Presidents have succeeded to the Presidency, John Tyler in 1841, Millard Fillmore in 1850, and Andrew Johnson in 1865. The official proceedings under which each qualified have a peculiar interest at this time, and as comparatively few people now living can recall them, they are given to readers of the *Sun*, precisely as they appear in the written minutes of the proceedings of the Senate of the United States. The minutes are as follows:

TUESDAY, April 6, 1841.—Immediately after the decease of the President, Mr. Webster, Jr., Chief Clerk in the Department of State, accompanied by Mr. Beall, an officer of the Senate, set out for the residence of the Vice President in Virginia, bearing to him the following letter:

WASHINGTON, April 4, 1841.—To John Tyler, Vice President of the United States.—Sir: It has become our most painful duty to inform you that William Henry Harrison, late President of the United States, has departed this life.

This distressing event took place this day, at the President's Mansion in this city, at thirty minutes before 1 in the morning.

We lose no time in dispatching the Chief Clerk in the State Department as a special messenger, to bear you these melancholy tidings.

We have the honor to be, with the highest regard, your obedient servants,

DANIEL WEBSTER,
Secretary of State.
THOMAS EWING,
Secretary of the Treasury.
JOHN BELL,
Secretary of War.
JOHN J. CRITTENDEN,
Attorney General.
FRANCIS GRANGER,
Postmaster General.

City of Washington, D. C., Wednesday, April 7, 1841.

By the extraordinary dispatch used in sending the official intelligence to the Vice President at Williamsburg, and similar dispatch by him in repairing to the seat of government, John Tyler, now President of the United States, arrived in this city yesterday morning at 5 o'clock, and took lodgings at Brown's Hotel.

At 12 o'clock all the heads of departments except the Secretary of the Navy (who has not yet returned to the city from his visit to his family), waited upon him to pay him their official and personal respects. They were received with all the politeness and kindness which characterize the New President. He signified his deep feeling of the public calamity sustained by the death of President Harrison, and expressed his profound sensibility to the heavy responsibility so suddenly devolved upon himself. He spoke of the present state of things with great concern and seriousness, and made known his wishes that the several heads of departments would continue to fill the places which they now occupy, and his confidence that they would afford all the aid in their power to enable him to carry on the administration of the government successfully.

The President then took and subscribed the following oath of office:

I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. JOHN TYLER.

April 6, 1841.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, CITY AND COUNTY OF WASHINGTON, ss.—I, William Cranch, Chief Judge of the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia, certify that the above-named John Tyler personally appeared before me this day, and, although he deems himself qualified to perform the duties and exercise the powers and office of President on the death of William Henry Harrison, late President of the United States, without any other oath than that which he has taken as Vice President, yet, as doubts may arise, and for greater caution, took and subscribed the foregoing oath before me.

April 6, 1841. W. CRANCH.

TAYLOR'S DEATH.

The record of Zachary Taylor's death and the succession of Millard Fillmore is as follows:

Zachary Taylor, President of the United States, having deceased on Tuesday, the 9th of July, 1850; and Congress being then in session:

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, WEDNESDAY, July 10, 1850, the following communication received by the Secretary of the Senate was read:

To the Senate of the United States: In consequence of the lamented death of Zachary Taylor, late President of the United States, I shall no longer occupy the chair of the Senate; and I have thought that a formal communication to the Senate, to that effect, through your Secretary, might enable you the more promptly to proceed to the choice of a presiding officer.

MILLARD FILLMORE.

Washington, July 10, 1850.

The following message was received from the President of the United States by Mr. Fisher:

Fellow citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives:

I have to perform the melancholy duty of announcing to you that it has pleased Almighty God to remove from this life Zachary Taylor, late President of the United States. He deceased last evening at the hour of 10:30 o'clock, in the midst of his family and surrounded by affectionate friends, calmly in the full possession of all his faculties. Among his last words were these, which he uttered with emphatic distinctness: "I have always done my duty—I am ready to die—my only regret is for the friends I leave behind me."

Having announced to you, fellow citizens, this most affecting bereavement, and assuring you that it has penetrated no heart with deeper grief than mine, it remains for me to say that I propose this day, at 12 o'clock, in the hall of the House of Representatives, in the presence of both houses of Congress, to take the oath prescribed by the Constitution, to enable me to enter on the execution of the office which this event has devolved on me.

MILLARD FILLMORE.

Washington, July 10, 1850.

A similar message having been communicated to the House of Representatives, and the necessary arrangements made between the two houses:

At 12 o'clock meridian,

The President of the United States, the heads of departments, the Chief Judge of the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia, and the Senate of the United States having entered the hall of the House of Representatives,

The oath of office was administered to the President by Hon. William Cranch, Chief Judge of the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Columbia.

DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

The death of President Lincoln and the taking of the oath by Andrew Johnson are thus recorded:

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 15, 1865.—Sir: Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, was shot by an assassin last evening at Ford's Theater, in this city, and died at the hour of twenty-two minutes after 7 o'clock this morning.

About the same time at which the President was shot an assassin entered the sick chamber of the Hon. William H. Seward, Secretary of State, and stabbed him in several places—in the throat, neck, and face—severely, if not mortally, wounding him. Other members of the Secretary's family were dangerously wounded by the assassin while making his escape.

By the death of President Lincoln, the office of President has devolved, under the Constitution, upon you. The emergency of the Government demands that you should immediately qualify according to the requirements of the Constitution, and enter upon the duties of President of the United States. If you will please make known your pleasure, such arrangements as you deem proper will be made. Your obedient servants.

HUGH MCCULLOCH, Secretary of Treasury.
EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.
GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy.
W. DENNISON, Postmaster General.
JOHN P. USHER, Secretary of the Interior.
JAMES SPEED, Attorney General.

To the Hon. Andrew Johnson, Vice President of the United States.

Mr. Johnson, in answer, appointed 11 o'clock a. m. at his rooms at the Kirkwood Hotel, as the time and place where he would take the oath of office It was duly administered to him Chief Justice Chase, in presence of the Cabinet and several members of Congress.

Our President is Dead.

F. A. Mann, in Guthrie Journal.

True.
Patient.
Our Hero.

And the night of the everlasting grave hath shrouded him from human sight. She who sat by him Monday night holding his emaciated hand in hers while his soul wandered in visions of the days when they were young and all the world was full of heaven to them, is a widow. Her children are orphans and a nation mourns.

Where was God that night that he should die and the cowardly assassin live? Why should the curse of one human devil be stronger than the prayers of all christians? Aye! of all men whose humanity was not yet lost in brutality.

A coward.

A shot in the back.

Then long weeks of suffering such as Socrates found not in the poison cup. Such as Cæsar felt not when shrouding his face in his mantle he surrendered the imperious spirit which had made the world tremble; agony such as Brutus felt not at Phillippi; nor the Medean prince flayed alive; nor Crœsus with the burning gold in his throat; nor the one who died, with the Savior on the cross, a vision of Paradise before his eyes. What were they all to seventy-nine days on the dark border line betwixt life and death. An age of pain and suffering where the others had but hours.

And all for what!

Had he who suffered thus and died thus, far from his old home and his old mother, sitting on her porch, where he had been a child, and looking eastward for the messenger of sad tidings, dying piece meal where the moan of the ocean waves mingled with his whisperings of the visions that brightened his dying hours (thank God and the pitying angels) done any wrong that needed so terrible a punishment? If he had, who has not and who shall not dread the Nemesis of vengeance.

If ever a nation mourned or wept or prayed this nation did, yet down the long decline, day after day, night after night, he who was its chief magistrate but is so no more, passed to the River of Death whose sullen waves engulfed him as it has the good, the brave, the beautiful, and all those whose names should perish forever.

What is human life that it should be desired? What are honor and fame and glory that they should be thirsted after? What is the State when its chief Magistrate chosen by the voice of the people, a manly man at that, with a noble soul, than which no hero or demigod of the world's Arcadian time—its golden age—might boast a brighter or a grander one, can be stricken down by a cowardly assassin whose poisoned bullet festers and rankless days and weeks and months until with devilish spell it summons death.

Monday night our President died, not the head of a party, but the Chief Magistrate of all the people.

Tuesday morning the news came to us and little children dismissed from school, met us with tears in their eyes and said 'President Garfield is dead.' Flags draped in black hung in mournful folds; black and white, interlaced together, like the light and darkness that brightens and darkens mortality, festooned the public streets, climbed up the court house columns and said to all in the same mute voice which God used to Elijah at Mt. Horeb whereat the prophet put off his sandals, 'The Lord God Reigneth.' To which we are glad to add, 'and the government still lives,' though its foremost man is dead.

Let us mourn.
Let us bury him.
Let his wife dry her tears.
Let his old mother's aching heart thrill with the hope of meeting her noble son in the land where parting is no more.

Let us write his name who died at Elberon, in tablets that shall not perish while the world shall go its entire round.

He who died is alive forever. He needs no pyramid to rear its head in his honor above a wreck strewn land. His, henceforth, is one of those 'noble names that were not born to die.' An hundred, ten hundred, ten times ten hundred years or until some mighty cataclysm shall hurl the human race into indistinguishable ruin and lethean night, his name shall shine as a star for the love, the patience, the courage, which armed him so nobly to face grim death so long for the land and dear ones he loved so well.

No tale in history shall move the human heart as this which sped on the wings of lightning into every corner of our land but yesterday.

God rest his soul who died last Monday night where the waves of the mighty ocean shall mourn forever.

God guard and keep the republic which, though its guardian genius has its robes spotted with the blood of Lincoln and Garfield is yet the hope of the world.

John Auster' Client.

Jon Anster was an Irish lawyer of the last generation. A man of great and varied erudition, the translater of Goethe's "Faust," and author of many poems. It was he who wrote the famous rhyme to the Apocalypse, satirizing himself thus:

'Lo, Anster was there, with his pale face and chalky lips,
Like to the beast that's found in the Apocalypse."

Anster was never fitted for court practice and devoted much more of his time to poetry than law. So his friends got him appointed Registrar of the Admiralty Court, whereof a very prosy lawyer (the late Sir Henry Meredyth) was the Judge. One of his cronies, meeting Anster, congratulated him on obtaining such a snug sinecure.

"What do you mean by a sinecure?" asked Anster.

"A place with little or nothing to do."

"Then you are greatly mistaken if you think I am so fortunate," replied the poet.

"What have you to do?" asked Conway, in much surprise, for it was notorious the business was then next to nothing.

"Listen to the judgments of Sir Henry Meredyth," said Anster, and he added the couplet:

"If you want to be bored, and bored to the very death,
Go list to a speech from Sir Henry Meredyth."

Anster only once defended a prisoner. A man named Kelly had incurred the enmity of the Whiteboys, and his doom was sealed. He was waylaid, and the contents of a blunderbuss stretched him lifeless on the highway. Some clue was obtained which led to the arrest of the murderer, and he stood in the dock in Cork, indicted for the capital crime. Being undefended, the Court assigned Anster to give the prisoner the benefit of his legal skill. It was a trying ordeal for poor Anster, who had little experience in common—less in criminal—law, but by some fatality a material flaw in the indictment to which the prisoner pleaded, was whispered by some veteran friend, and Anster, to the surprise of every one in general, and himself in particular, made the point, obtained the ruling in his favor, and the prisoner was acquitted.

Anster sat up late that night in his lodgings in Old George street, Cork. All the inmates of the house save himself were in bed, when a rude knock startled the poet-barrister. It was unattended to, and, when repeated, Anster went to the door. He heard his name pronounced, and, on opening the door, saw the Whiteboy whose life he had saved by making the point which upset the indictment.

"Oh, Kelly, is that you?" he said, naming not the living, but the murdered man.

"I'm not Kelly, plaze yer honor," returned the client: "'tis meself is the boy that shot him."

This hardy avowal caused Anster to shut the door very speedily in the face of his first and last client from the docks, and he never knew whether he had come to kill or thank him.

An awkward waiter, handing a plate to a gentleman, spilled some of the gravy upon his clothes, and immediately cried out: "Take care, sir!" "Why, you rascal," exclaimed the gentleman, who thought he had suffered enough from the fellow's negligence, "are you going to do it again?"

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Buttercup's Circus.

Mamma Maggie.

Fred and Bertie, two little black-eyed boys, were visiting their aunt Susan in a beautiful county village. The large, old-fashioned house, under a giant elm-tree, was full of wonders to them; but their greatest delights were in driving the old grey horse, or feeding and petting an Alderney calf which Uncle Harry was raising.

This "baby-cow," as little Bertie called her, was kept away from its mother, old Clover, most of the day, and tied to a cherry tree in the side yard. The boys named her Buttercup. They were allowed to feed her with meal and water; and she soon grew so tame that they could pat and caress her as much as they pleased.

One day Fred found an old saddle in the stable; and he proposed to Bertie to help him put it on the calf, and have a ride the length of her rope. They succeeded in fastening it upon Buttercup's smooth back; and Freddie exclaimed with delight, "Now we will have a first class circus!"

But, before they could say "five," Miss Buttercup's heels were in the air, and her head went down so quickly, that Master Fred felt a sudden chill, and found himself in a tub of rain-water that stood under the eaves of the woodshed; while Bertie went head-foremost into a pan of meal and water.

A slight noise followed their fall. Their uncle and aunt appeared. The saddle was sent back to the stable, and the boys did not engage Buttercup for any more circus performances that summer.

The Doll Who Was a Farmer.

Mrs. Florinda Agnes May was a doll. Her yellow hair was tied with a bright blue ribbon. Her eye shut with a snap whenever you laid her down.

She had muslin dresses, and calico dresses, and a pink silk dress with a long train. But she was something more than a fine useless lady. She was a farmer.

All the long, pleasant summer days she spent out in the back lot where her farm was. She lived here in a house built of shingles, with a flower garden in front. She lived in peace and contentment.

The fields were three or four square patches of earth. The sod had been cut and taken to fix the banking.

The house was not very strong. "But it will do her good to have fresh air and sunshine," said Nellie.

There was in the house a table, a bureau, a couple of chairs, a lot of tin dishes, and the second-best tea-set.

Besides these there was old rag Dinah, who did all the hardest work. She certainly looked as if she had done a great deal of it in her life.

There was a charming flower garden in front of the house. When the flower seed refused to come up, the girls stuck down bright blossoms from the real big garden and made it just gay.

There was a well, too, with a small bucket tied to a string.

Strange to say, the well was all above ground, and looked very much like an old tin dipper. I dare say some people would have called it so.

Mrs. Florinda Agnes May's farm was well taken care of, I can tell you. Every little stone was picked from the fields. If the crops did not flourish it was not from lack of attention.

The corn did grow to be nearly four inches high. The beans came up beautifully, but the potatoes were a disappointment. Perhaps it was because they were washed and peeled nicely before they were put into the ground.

But if you thought this was all there was to be done, you were very much mistaken. There was the grass to be cut, of course. When it is to be done with an old shoe knife and a pair of scissors it takes time.

On the whole, Mrs. Florinda Agnes May led a very busy and pleasant life. Accidents will happen, however, and one day there came an earthquake which demolished the house and crushed all the flowers quite to the ground.

Nellie and Mabel came into the house bearing the dolls, who were still quite cheerful.

"O mother," said they, "Sixon came down and wanted to play with us, and he wouldn't keep still. He jumped all over our flower garden, and wagged his tail so hard that he knocked the house down. We called him an earthquake; and please may we have some more cookies?"

Some Things for a Boy to Learn.

Chicago Standard.

The boy who reads the title of this article may be surprised, for it implies that he ought to learn some things that he does not know, and there is a time in a boy's life called "the hair-oil period," when he thinks that what he does not know is not worth knowing. Very wise men are sometimes quite ignorant about very common things.

Such a man once wanted the shoes on his horse sharpened, because the roads were quite slippery. He was in a great hurry and when he saw the blacksmith preparing to take the shoes off he said, "Can't you sharpen them on his feet?"

"Oh, yes," said Vulcan, "if you'll hold them in the fire."

That man ought to have learned while a boy how horses are shod and how horse shoes are sharpened, and then he would not have been laughed at as he was when he became a man.

I have heard of a man who began to make maple sugar in the month of March, and who liked the business so well that he told a friend he should keep at it all summer. He did not know that the sap would run but a short time. Had he lived on a farm when a boy he would have learned better.

The boy who does not spend time enough on a farm to get some insight into work, loses a great deal more than he thinks he does. A city boy once tried to unharness a horse. He got along very well till he came to the collar, and that he could not get off. How it was ever put on was a mystery to him, till a man said, "Turn it over, boy, and you are all right."

The Emperor Nicholas of Russia had good teachers. He had a general to superintend his education. But he did not care for the languages, and he hated political economy. But he was fond of building fortifications, just as many a boy is fond of building little dams across brooks, and he also delighted in music. He knew he was to be an emperor but he took more pleasure in composing military marches and in hearing them played, than he did in learning what would be of use to him on the throne of Russia. Fatal errors and misfortunes in after life were the consequence.

A boy ought to learn how to read "But," says the first boy who reads this, "I guess I know how to read."

Yes, you can speak the words if they are not too long and too hard, and that is one way of reading. Had I my life to live over, this is what I would do: I would keep a list of all the books I read. When I had finished one I would write down the month, the day of the month and the year, with the name of the book, and then as I grew up to manhood, I should be able to look back and see what had interested me most. I would study the development of my own mind. I would see how my taste changed as I grew older. The mind should be fed somewhat as the body is. We want something besides plain bread and butter. But we don't want to live entirely upon ice-cream and cake, and delicacies of that kind. Dime novels and flash stories are very light food. I think it would now interest me more than anything else, if I could look back forty years and see just what books have built up my mind, just as you see the different courses of brick that enter into a fine house.

How pleasant, even now, is the memory of some books I used to love. There was "Robinson Crusoe," and "The Children in the Wood," and the "Swiss Family Robinson." I read that last book more than once under an old apple-tree that dropped great, golden apples all around me.

A boy ought to learn how to take care of his own body. A careful farmer keeps his tools under cover when they are not in use. A boy hardly ever learns to keep his feet dry, and to wear an overcoat when he goes out in the cold, till he has made himself sick once or twice. How wonderful an instrument is the eye! and yet we abuse it cruelly. Never try to read in the twilight, or with a strong light streaming into your face. Go to bed early while you are a boy, and if you work hard, no matter for that, you will be likely to have a strong body and a sound healthy brain if you are a good sleeper. It is very hard for a boy to learn the worth of a dollar when he has a father to give him all the money he needs. Try to earn some money by rendering service of some kind for it, and when you know just how many steps must be taken to earn one bright, silver dollar you will have great respect both for the dollar and yourself. A boy ought early to learn what belongs to good manners. A good address, a pleasant, agreeable way of doing things, is worth as much to a boy who wishes to succeed in life as sunshine is to the farmer's crops.

These may seem very simple things, but there are grown up people almost everywhere who have never learned them. If boys only knew how strong the law of habit is, and would only get into their dear, queer heads a few common-sense ideas, we should have a crop of men in a few years that our country might be proud of.

Origin of Telegraphy.

On the return of Professor Morse to the United States, in 1832, Professor Jackson was describing the experiments that had just been made in Paris with the electromagnet, when a question arose as to the time occupied by the electric fluid in passing through the wire. The reply being made that it was instantaneous, Jackson, recalling the experiments of Franklin, suggested that the electric spark might be made means of conveying and recording intelligence.

This suggestion took deep hold of Morse who proposed to develop the idea thus originated; and before the end of the voyage he had drawn out the general plan of the system known by his name. Almost immediately after his landing in America, he commenced a series of experiments, but having little time to give to the subject, it was not until four years afterward that he succeeded in demonstrating his theory upon a wire half a mile in length. Congress at once voted him $30,000 to enable him to carry out his views; and in 1844 he saw the realization of his hopes, in the perfect working of a wire forty miles long, which had been constructed between Washington and Baltimore.